

## “Hello, My Name Is...”

They were children when they first met.  
They lived in the same *shchoona*.  
They carried similar flags as they  
ran through the streets on the  
Day of Independence in 1948.  
My mother recalls hours standing in front  
of the radio.  
My father recalls a hunger to  
grab a rifle to protect his nation.  
They were Yaakov Karako and Yael Haver.  
When they married, they merged  
Turkey and Yemen.  
And when my brother was born  
they invited him into the world  
with a new name  
Gil Sachar.  
They left Karako, and Israel  
behind them forever.

In Canada we stood out.  
There were no other Ronneats.  
I used to beg to be called  
Elizabeth.  
“Ronneat,” they would say.  
“It means ‘Little Song’ and Sachar  
means dawn. It’s a beautiful name,  
you’ll appreciate it one day.”

When adulthood overtook me,  
I spent a year in Jerusalem.  
I studied on Mount Scopus,  
and slowly grew to know myself.  
I found my *calling* in life,  
and my name began to suit me,  
or I had begun to suit my name.

As I was blessed with children,  
I already understood the **power** in a name.  
So I chose carefully, and auspiciously embedded  
Sachar in each of their titles:  
Desmond Jacob Sachar Taylor  
Aeden Gabrielle Sachar Taylor  
Liam Alexander Sachar Taylor.  
They each hold a key to my heritage.

When we talk of our ancestry  
and I help them remember,  
Spain 1492  
Yaakov Karako ben Yehoshua and Rosa  
of Turkey  
Yael Haver bat Chana and Jack Fletcher  
of Australia (that's a whole other story!)  
They relive our history.  
The Devine narrative that began for them with  
Ronneat Sachar bat Yaakov and Yael.

By Ronneat Sachar